Six gentlemen, upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry.
Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
So they and all that pass'd that way
Soon join'd in the pursuit.

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THE

FACETIOUS STORY

OF

JOHN GILPIN;

HIS GOING FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,

AND

RETURNING HOME SAFE AT LAST.

BY MR. COWPER,

AND

A SECOND PART;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE DISASTROUS ACCIDENTS

WHICH BEFEL

HIS WIFE,

ON

HER RETURN TO LONDON.

BY HENRY LEMOINE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

GILPIN's SECOND HOLIDAY.

Written by the late JOHN OAKMAN.

Printed for A. LEMOINE, Bookseller, No. 1, White-Rose Court, Coleman-Street, and Sold by the Booksellers of London, Westminster, Edinburgh and Dublin.

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THE

FACETIOUS STORY

OF

JOHN GILPIN, &c.

JOHN GILPIN was a Citizen
Of Credit and Renown,
A Train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous *London* Town.

JOHN GILPIN's Spouſe ſaid to her Dear,
"Though wedded we have been
"Theſe twice ten tedious Years, yet we
"No Holiday have ſeen.

"To-morrow is our Wedding-day,
"And we will then repair
"Unto the Bell at Edmonton
"All in a Chaiſe and Pair.

"My Siſter and my Siſter's Child,
"Myſelf and Children three,
"Will fill the Chaiſe, ſo you muſt ride
"On Horſeback after we."

He ſoon reply'd, "I do admire
"Of Woman-kind but one,
"And you are ſhe, my deareſt Dear,
"Therefore it ſhall be done.

"I am a Linen-draper bold,
"As all the World doth know,

" And my good Friend the Calender
" Will lend his Horſe to go."

Quoth Mrs. GILPIN, " That's well ſaid;
" And for that Wine is dear,
" We will be furniſh'd with our own,
" Which is both bright and clear."

JOHN GILPIN kiſs'd his loving Wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on Pleaſure ſhe was bent,
She had a frugal Mind.

The Morning came, the Chaiſe was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the Door, leſt all
Should ſay that ſhe was proud.

So three Doors off the Chaiſe was ſtay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious Souls and all agog
To daſh through thick and thin.

Smack went the Whip, round went the Wheels,
Were never Folk ſo glad,
The Stones did rattle underneath
As if *Cheapſide* were mad.

JOHN GILPIN at his Horſe's Side
Seiz'd faſt the flowing Mane,
And up he got in Haſte to ride,
But ſoon came down again;

For Saddle-tree ſcarce reach'd had he,
His Journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he ſaw
Three Cuſtomers come in.

So down he came; for loſs of Time,
Although it griev'd him ſore,
Yet loſs of Pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the Customers
Were suited to their Mind,
When Betty screaming came down Stairs,
"The Wine is left behind."

Good lack!" quoth he—"Yet bring it me,
"My leathern Belt likewise,
"In which I bear my trusty Sword,
"When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful Soul
Had two Stone Bottles found,
To hold the Liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each Bottle had a curling Ear,
Through which the Belt he drew,
And hung a Bottle on each Side,
To make his Balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from Top to Toe,
His long red Cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble Steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the Stones
With Caution and good Heed.

But finding soon a smoother Road,
Beneath his well shod Feet,
The snorting Beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his Seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,
That Trot became a Gallop soon,
In spite of Curb and Rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,

He graſp'd the Mane with both his Hands,
And eke with all his Might:

His Horſe who never in that Sort
Had handled been before,
What Thing upon his Back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went GILPIN Neck or Nought,
Away went Hat and Wig;
He little dreamt, when he ſet out,
Of running ſuch a Rig.

The Wind did blow, the Cloak did fly,
Like Streamer long and gay,
Till Loop and Button failing both,
At laſt it flew away.

Then might all People well diſcern
The Bottles he had ſlung;
A Bottle ſwinging at each Side,
As hath been ſaid or ſung.

The Dogs did bark, the Children ſcream'd,
Up flew the Windows all;
And ev'ry Soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went GILPIN—who but he;
His Fame ſoon ſpread around—
"He carries Weight! he rides a Race!
"'Tis for a thouſand Pound!"

And ſtill as faſt as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a Trice the Turnpike-men
Their Gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking Head full low,
The Bottles twain behind his Back
Were ſhatter'd at a Blow.

Down ran the Wine into the Road,
Moſt piteous to be ſeen,
Which made his Horſe's Flanks to ſmoke
As they had baſted been.

But ſtill he ſeem'd to carry Weight,
With leathern Girdle brac'd;
For all might ſee the Bottle-necks
Still dangling at his Waiſt.

Thus all through merry *Iſlington*
Theſe Gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the *Waſh*
Of *Edmonton* ſo gay.

And there he threw the Waſh about
On both Sides of the Way,
Juſt like unto a trundling Mop,
Or a wild Gooſe at play.

At *Edmonton* his loving Wife
From the Balcony ſpied
Her tender Huſband, wond'ring much
To ſee how he did ride.

"Stop, ſtop, JOHN GILPIN!—Here's the Houſe"—
They all at once did cry;
"The Dinner waits, and we are tir'd:"
Said GILPIN—"So am I."

But yet his Horſe was not a Whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his Owner had a Houſe
Full ten Miles off, at *Ware*.

So like an Arrow ſwift he flew,
Shot by an Archer ſtrong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The Middle of my Song.

Away went GILPIN, out of Breath
And ſore againſt his Will,

Till at his Friend the Callender's
His Horſe at laſt ſtood ſtill.

The Callender amaz'd to ſee
His Neighbour in ſuch Trim,
Laid down his Pipe, flew to the Gate,
And thus accoſted him:

"What News! what News! your Tidings tell,
"Tell me you muſt and ſhall—
"Say why bare-headed you are come,
"Or why you come at all?"

Now GILPIN had a pleaſant Wit,
And lov'd a timely Joke;
And thus unto the Callender
In merry Guiſe he ſpoke:

"I came becauſe your Horſe would come;
"And, if I well forbode,
"My Hat and Wig will ſoon be here,
"They are upon the Road."

The Callender right glad to find
His Friend in merry Pin,
Return'd him not a ſingle Word,
But to the Houſe went in;

Whence ſtrait he came with Hat and Wig,
A Wig that flow'd behind,
A Hat not much the worſe for Wear,
Each comely in its Kind.

He held them up, and, in his Turn,
Thus ſhow'd his ready Wit,
"My Head is twice as big as yours,
"They therefore needs muſt fit.

"But let me ſcrape the Dirt away
"That hangs upon your Face;
"And ſtop and eat, for well you may
"Be in a hungry Caſe."

Said

Said John, "It is my Wedding-day,
"And all the World would ſtare,
"If Wife ſhould dine at *Edmonton*
"And I ſhould dine at *Ware*."

So turning to his Horſe, he ſaid
"I am in haſte to dine;
"'Twas for your Pleaſure you came here,
"You ſhall go back for mine."

Ah luckleſs Speech, and bootleſs Boaſt!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he ſpake, a braying Aſs
Did ſing moſt loud and clear;

Whereat his Horſe did ſnort as he
Had heard a Lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his Might,
As he had done before.

Away went GILPIN, and away
Went GILPIN's Hat and Wig;
He loſt them ſooner than the firſt,
For why? they were too big.

Now Miſtreſs GILPIN, when ſhe ſaw
Her Huſband poſting down
Into the Country far away,
She pull'd out Half a Crown;

And thus unto the Youth ſhe ſaid
That drove them to the *Bell*:
"This ſhall be your's when you bring back
"My Huſband ſafe and well."

The Youth did ride, and ſoon did meet
JOHN coming back amain,
Whom in a Trice he tried to ſtop
By catching at his Rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,

The frighted Steed he frighted more,
And made him faſter run.

Away went GILPIN, and away
Went Poſt-boy at his Heels
The Poſt-boy's Horſe right glad to miſs
The lumb'ring of the Wheels.

Six Gentlemen upon the Road
Thus ſeeing GILPIN fly,
With Poſt-boy ſcamp'ring in the Rear,
They rais'd the Hue and Cry:

"Stop Thief! ſtop Thief!—a Highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute:
And all and each that paſs'd that Way
Did join in the Purſuit.

And now the Turnpike-gates again
Flew open in ſhort Space,
The Toll-men thinking, as before,
That GILPIN rode a Race.

And ſo he did and won it too,
For he got firſt to Town,
Nor ſtopp'd 'till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us ſing, long live the King,
And GILPIN, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to ſee!

MRS. GILPIN'S RETURN TO TOWN.

By H. L.

AND now we've told of GILPIN's Race,
And ſhewn how he did ride;
We'll tell alſo what ſtrange Miſhap
Beſet his comely Bride.

His

His Dame, who lov'd her Spouſe right well
As plain it doth appear,
Was almoſt frighted from her Wits,
When he rode by to *Ware*.

Finding JOHN GILPIN could not ſtop;
Like to a tender Wife,
She wrung her Hands in piteous Sort,
And trembled for his Life.

For why, if he ſhould get a Fall,
He was of ſuch a Weight,
The rugged Road would bruiſe his Fleſh,
Perhaps might prove his Fate.

She therefore did the Poſt-boy ſend,
As has been ſaid before,
In hopes the Horſe that he might ſtop,
And GILPIN ſafe reſtore.

He went, and how he ſped we know,
Therefore we now ſhall tell
Of other Things at *Edmonton*,
Which happen'd at the *Bell*.

The Dinner waited—would be ſpoil'd,
If not ſerv'd up in Time;
They thought to waſte ſuch dainty Fare,
Would ſurely be a Crime.

Therefore 'twas order'd in with Speed;
For Mrs. GILPIN ſaid,
"'Twould be a Shame not now to eat,
"As we have for it paid."

Yes! paid it was, for, careful, ſhe
From *London* ſent it down;
Convinc'd no Marketing could be
So clever as her own.

She had a frugal Thought in this,
As plainly may appear;

Which

Which was if they provided it,
It would be plaguy dear.

For Landlords (well she propheſied)
Would ample Profit take;
And out of what it coſt at firſt,
At leaſt would double make.

Therefore she ſent a ſav'ry Hock,
A Fillet, nice and white,
With Fowls, and other dainty Things,
The Palate to delight.

And now around the Table, ſee
The Family all ſet;
But againſt JOHN's Return she thought
She would put by a Bit.

All cover'd up to keep it warm,
Her Tenderneſs to prove;
For GILPIN never had a Doubt
About his deareſt Love.

Though JOHN was abſent, yet they plied
The Knives and Forks with Skill;
And with each varied Diſh that came,
Their Plates did often fill.

Good Ale decanter'd, fine and clear,
Was brought while they did dine;
But afterwards, they judg'd it right
To have a Glaſs of Wine.

Lamenting much their own forgot,
For yet they did not know
That the Stone Bottles JOHN had brought,
Were ſhatter' at one Blow.

Yet Chance, or Fate, or what you will,
Attended each that Day:
For Miſs the Bottle tumbled down,
The Wine ran all away.

This

This was a Circumſtance indeed,
Made Mrs. GILPIN ſad,
Becauſe ſhe knew it muſt be paid,
Yet t'other Quart was had.

JOHN GILPIN's Health was handed round,
"I wiſh my deareſt Dear,
Cried Mrs. GILPIN, as ſhe drank,
"My honeſt JOHN was here."

And here he was, juſt as ſhe ſpoke,
Bare-headed as before;
Upon his Horſe, which went with ſpeed
Cloſe to the Houſe once more.

The People cried, "Again a Race,"
Which brought them out to view;
And there her Spouſe again ſhe ſaw,
With thoſe who did purſue.

In vain ſhe call'd, JOHN GILPIN, ſtop!—
In Air her Words were loſt;
Sure, none upon their Wedding-day,
Before were e'er ſo croſt.

Her Heart again began to beat,
And Tears bedim'd her Eye;
She call'd the Bill, reſolved ſoon,
She after him would fly.

She call'd the Bill—ſhe read it o'er,
Surpriz'd it was ſo large;
And thought the Landlord was to blame,
For making ſuch a Charge.

Expoſtulation was in vain,
Her Purſe muſt pay the Fine;
Yet in her Mind ſhe vow'd no more
At *Edmonton* to dine.

But thoſe who're frugally inclin'd,
The main Chance keep in View;

And will in every Thing they can,
Œconomy purſue.

So Mrs. GILPIN thought it beſt,
Remains to take away;
As what ſhe for her Huſband left,
Might ſerve another Day.

The ſav'ry Hock, the Veal ſo white,
Each diſlocated Chick,
Beſmear'd with Gravy reliſhing,
At Night ſhe thought to pick.

The Children with their Mother's Plan,
Agreed with all their Hearts,
And folded in their Handkerchiefs,
The Remnants of the Tarts.

The Bill was paid—the Waiter too,
Had Sixpence for his Care;
And then again they all ſet out,
All in a Chaiſe and Pair.

"Drive gently, WILLIAM, on the Road,
"And aſk as you go on,
"If you can gain Intelligence
"Of my good Huſband JOHN."

The Sun was haſting to the Weſt,
Soft Zephyrs fann'd the Trees;
The Birds ſung ſweet on every Buſh,
The Fancy for to pleaſe.

The Proſpect round was ſweet to Sight,
The Hills, the Dales, the Plains,
Gave to their Minds the Charming Thought
Of rural Nymphs and Swains.

But neither Birds, nor rural Plains,
Could Mrs. GILPIN charm;
For fear, alas! her honeſt JOHN,
Had come to any Harm.

Now

Now ſome that join'd the Hue and Cry,
Were coming back again;
Who, full of Fun, and wicked Wit,
But added to her Pain.

"How fares JOHN GILPIN?" cries the Man,
As he was bid to do:—
Why, he has broke his Neck, they cried,
And vow'd that it was true.

The Word was caught by all around,
And all about did Speak,
"The City Linen-draper's dead,
"JOHN GILPIN's broke his Neck."

Good Mrs. GILPIN ſcream'd aloud,
Her Siſter did likewiſe;
The Children caught th' Infection ſoon,
And warbled out their Cries.

"He's broke his Neck"—away it flew,
More faſt than GILPIN rode;
"He's broke his Neck, Oh! wretched fate,"
Was echoed by the Crowd.

"Drive faſter," Mrs. GILPIN cried,
"Good WILLIAM, drive away;
"My Fate is very hard indeed,
"Upon my Wedding-day."

He whip'd his Nags, he ſpur'd them on,
As faſt as they could go;
Now up the Hill, now in the Dale,
With Gee-up, and Gee-ho!

For Doubts fill'd Mrs. GILPIN's Breaſt
The Truth was not diſplay'd;
Becauſe the Rabble as they paſs'd,
Still laugh'd at what they ſaid.

"Drive faſter, WILLIAM, let us get
"Into *Cheapſide* again;

"When

"When all my Doubts will be reliev'd"—
He whipt his Steeds amain.

Swift as the Swallow cuts the Sky,
The nimble Wheels went round;
Crack went the Axletree, at once
The Chaiſe came to the Ground.

There Mrs. GILPIN ſprawling lay,
Her Siſter cloſe beſide;
Daughters and Couſins, tumbled out,
How terribly they cried!

The Provender was all diſplay'd,
A woeful Sight to ſee;
Here Apple Tarts and Cuſtards lay,
To Duſt and Dirt a Prey.

Their Flounces and their Furbelows,
Were greas'd and ſtain'd all o'er;
Sure ſuch a Scene of deep Diſtreſs,
Was never ſeen before.

Like Sow and Pigs, they roll'd about,
'Till ſome good Folks came by,
Who help'd them up, and ſoon found out,
No Harm had come thereby.

No Harm apparently was ſeen,
Except their Garments ſoil'd;
No Harm but to the Provender,
Which certainly was ſpoil'd.

No Limbs were broke, no Bruiſe or Scratch,
On any one was found;
And all that had ſo frighten'd them,
Was tumbling on the Ground.

The Chaiſe it wanted much Repair,
Which could not then be done;
Therefore their Chief and only Care,
Was how to get to Town.

For

For Mrs. GILPIN was not fram'd,
To walk at any Rate;
She was ſo corpulent indeed,
And Waddled in her Gait.

But as purſuing of their Way,
As faſt as e'er they could,
They were ſurpriz'd with Joy to meet
JOHN GILPIN on the Road.

For ſoon as he had reach'd *Cheapſide*,
And from his Horſe got down,
He with another Hat and Wig,
Had ſallied out of Town.

He took the Road to *Edmonton*,
As he had done before;
Fully determin'd in his Mind,
To mount a Horſe no more.

He thought, and he moſt rightly thought,
His Wife that Way would come;
And he ſhou'd have the Happineſs
To ſee his Deary Home.

But did not think to meet her ſo,
Yet glad it was no worſe;
Becauſe ſhe was not half ſo hurt,
As he was by his Horſe.

How glad was this fond Pair to meet,
Can hardly be expreſs'd;
To find he had not broke his Neck,
Gave Rapture to her Breaſt.

To find his Wife had had a Fall,
And yet no Hurt receiv'd,
Was Joy and Tranſport to his Mind,
By all may be believ'd.

My Duck, my Darling, and my Dear,
From either Party broke;

And ſweet Salutes were given each,
At every Word they ſpoke.

Another Chaiſe had now arriv'd,
In which they roll'd away,
And only wiſh'd to make once more,
Another Holiday.

JOHN GILPIN's SECOND HOLIDAY.

Written by the late JOHN OAKMAN.

MOST folks have heard of GILPIN's fame,
And of the race he won,
When he on horſe-back did ſet out,
All unto *Edmonton*.

And never ſince that luckleſs time,
Which gave him ſuch diſmay;
For ten whole years, had he and ſpouſe,
Enjoy'd a holiday:

The main-chance minding, ſtill at home,
On Buſ'neſs quite intent;
He made amends, there is no doubt,
For what that day was ſpent.

Their daughters riſing in their teens,
Were innocent, and gay,
And as young girls, they often beg'd
To have a holiday.

Good Miſtreſs GILPIN had a heart,
Her pretty girls to pleaſe;
But how to win JOHN GILPIN to't,
Was not a taſk of eaſe.

Howe'er, ſaid ſhe, leave that to me,
It never will cauſe ſtrife;
For he will, ſure, comply once more
To pleaſe his loving wife.

She mark'd the time, in chearful mood,
JOHN GILPIN for to ſee;
And unto him thus did ſhe ſpeak,
One ev'ning o'er their tea.

"My

"My dear, you muſt a favour grant,
"Your tenderneſs to prove,"
Said GILPIN, "What is your deſire?
"I can't deny my love."

"Why, there's my ſweeteſt life," ſaid ſhe,
And ſtrok'd his ſmirking face,
At which he kiſs'd his deareſt dear,
And ſmil'd with comely grace.

"You know," ſaid ſhe, "ſince that ſad day,
"Which we could not foreſee,
"That we have never thought upon
"Another holiday.

"Ten circling years have made their round
"And time comes ſtealing on;
"Next Tueſday is our wedding day,
"Then pray let us have one.

JOHN GILPIN hum'd, and ha'd awhile,
Then cried, "It ſhall be ſo,
"Yet hope, you do not mean, my dear,
"To EDMONTON to go.

"That curſed jaunt I can't forget,
"Which brought me ſuch diſgrace;
"No, no, my dear," ſhe quick reply'd,
"I mean a nearer place.

"Amuſements round the town are found,
"Delighting unto all;
"Therefore with me, if you'll agree,
"We'll go to ſweet Vaux-hall.

"A ſculler, ſure, will take us all,
"The purchaſe can't be great;
"And then along the ſilver Thames,
"How we ſhall ride in ſtate."

"Thy will be done," JOHN GILPIN cry'd,
"I like thy thought in this;
"The ev'ning is not all the day,
"Much Buſ'neſs we can't miſs."

"Then Miſtreſs GILPIN ſaid to JOHN,
"That we may all be gay,

"Your

" Your very ſuit you ſhall have on,
" Made for your wedding-day.

" Your lac'd cravat, and beaver hat,
" Your cane, with head of gold,
" With roll'd up hoſe, and then you'll be
" Moſt charming to behold."

At length the happy time arriv'd,
JOHN GILPIN neatly dreſs'd,
Look'd like a citizen indeed,
Array'd in all his beſt.

The Miſſes with their kind Mama,
All furbelow'd about,
With proper cloaks in caſe of rain,
In joyful mood ſet out.

And now unto the river's ſide,
They ſmilingly drew near;
The Watermen, cries "GILPIN", comes,
And run to get the fare.

Now ſeated in the cleanly boat,
How ſmoothly did they glide;
Their hearts were every one on float,
As was the flowing tide.

The daughters gracefully did look,
Which graces much my theme,
Stately as are the downy ſwans
That ſwim upon the ſtream.

JOHN GILPIN view'd with joy the pair,
(Forgive him this ſmall pride)
And thought them pictures of his dear,
When ſhe became his bride.

Good Miſtreſs GILPIN too was pleas'd,
Becauſe ſhe then did find,
That tho' her charms began to fade,
They bloom'd in GILPIN's mind.

Boat, after boat, now preſs'd the tide,
And ſeem'd to ſwim a race;
JOHN fear'd, leaſt ſome miſchance ſhou'd hap,
As in the former caſe.

For

For not to pleaſure much inclin'd,
Fate ſeem'd to be his foe,
To make of him the laughing-ſtock,
Whereever he did go.

His perſon known, likewiſe his name!
The wags, as they row'd by,
Cried, "Smoke JOHN GILPIN, that's the man
"That rode ſo manfully."

At this alarm'd, he hung his head,
Aſham'd of his diſgrace:
But with their daſhing oars, they daſh'd
The water in his face.

Then bounce againſt the boat they went,
Which made the ladies ſcream,
And GILPIN's hat, by ſudden jerk,
Went ſouce into the ſtream.

Too ſwift it ſail'd to be o'ertook,
Which made the wags more gay,
And all cry'd out, "See GILPIN's hat,
"How faſt it runs away."

When Miſtreſs GILPIN thought his hat
Moſt certainly was gone;
She whiſper'd to him; "Pray take care
"Your perriwig keep on.

"I fear, my dear, you may take cold;"
But other thoughts had he:
So he ſecur'd it with both hands,
Which elſe away might flee.

For loſs of hat and wig before,
Came freſh into his mind,
When he the race did run to *Ware*,
"And left the world behind."

But patient ſtill, yet full of fear
That matters might go worſe,
And make the water prove as bad
As formerly the horſe.

He only to the ſneerers ſaid,
"I let you have your way,

"Another

" Another time it may be mine,
" Each dog muſt have his day."

So on he went, and on went they,
'Till coming near the ſhore,
Well pleas'd was GILPIN to behold
His hat was there before.

The boats puſh'd in from every part,
And try'd which firſt ſhould land;
Yet glad was he the hat to ſee
So near unto his hand.

He ſnatch'd it up with all his might,
And eke with joy and glee,
Then bowing of his head, he ſaid,
" You're welcome, Sir to me."

Then getting all upon dry land,
He to his wife did ſay,
" My other hat, you know my dear,
" Was carried quite away.

" But this more honeſt comes again,
" And when I get him home,
" I'll keep him ſafe within a box,
" That he no more ſhall roam."

Beneath his arm his hat he plac'd,
You'll gueſs the reaſon why,
In hopes, before he came away,
Again it might be dry.

And in this ſtate they march'd along,
Unto the garden gay,
Where he was vex'd to find he had
Four Shillings there to pay.

Yet ſcarcely had he paſs'd the door,
And to the place got in,
When " Here's JOHN GILPIN," all did roar,
And all did laugh and grin.

The ladies with their beaus and wits,
Came crouding all around,
And cried, " JOHN GILPIN," is it you,
" Pray whither are you bound?"

JOHN

JOHN anſwer'd not, but with his wife
And daughters, went along
To liſten to the muſic ſweet,
And hear a pretty ſong.

"O! charming!" cried the Miſſes both,
"Do, Mama, Papa, hark!
"I'm ſure, O! dear, that thrilling voice
"Is ſweeter than the lark."

"Aye, aye," cry'd GILPIN, "it will do,
"'Tis very fine, in brief,
"But I ſhould like much more to hear,
"Britannia, or roaſt beef."

Then turning round, the trees he view'd,
With orcheſtre ſo fine,
The waiters running here and there,
With chickens, ham and wine.

But as he turn'd too ſuddenly,
'Tis ſad the tale to tell,
Againſt a waiter's hand he ſtruck,
And down a bottle fell.

All in a ſtream the wine it flow'd,
Which gave to him much pain;
Yet he for it was forc'd to pay,
And it was dear Champagne.

He thought it hard to pay for that
Which he did never taſte;
His frugal wife was not well pleas'd
To ſee it run to waſte.

"Such accidents, ſays ſhe, my dear,
"Will happen, you do know;
"But never mind it, we muſt have
"Some wine before we go."

His daughters, as the ſtory tells,
Thought ham, and chick, right fit,
Becauſe their appetites now ſerv'd
To pick a little bit.

At this, JOHN GILPIN bent his brow,
His lady cried, "My dear,

"Pray

" Pray let us do as others do,
" Since we are now come here."

The wine, the ham, the chick was brought,
With tarts and cheese-cakes too;
On every thing he comments made,
And carefully did view.

" What, two-and-sixpence for a chick,"
He said, was plaguy dear;
The wine was short, he'd rather had
A pot of Trueman's beer.

The wine was port, and he survey'd
The bottle in each part,
And cried " I'm sure it wants three gills
" To make a little quart."

He eat and grumbl'd all the while,
He grumbl'd, yet he paid;
For still to pay, was GILPIN's way,
By ev'ry one, 'tis said.

A coach was call'd, which griev'd him sore,
And so they roll'd away;
But GILPIN thought he ne'er wou'd have
Another holiday.

FINIS.